

## THE NEW SOUTH.

Speech of Hon. H. W. Grady Before the New England Society.

At the eighty-first annual dinner of the New England Society, given at Delmonico's, in New York City, on Forefather's day. Hon. Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution was a guest, and responded to the toast, "The New South." He was the first Southerner ever to speak before the society. His speech has been favorably commented upon by the press all over the United States. We give below a copious extract from the speech:

## WHAT THE NEW SOUTH MEANS.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a new south, not through protest against old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can the foot-sore soldier who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Apomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his home in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very tradition gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training—and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work" [laughter and applause]—or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the south if you want to, but I am going to Sanderville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." [Renewed laughter.] I want to say to Gen. Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though people think he is a kind of careless man about fire—from the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory. [Applause.]

## THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. [Applause.] We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$100,000,000 annually received

from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 7 per cent. and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung the latch-string out to you and yours. [Prolonged applause.] We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his own wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." [Laughter.] We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camp, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia yankee as he squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any downeaster that swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the south than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords. [Loud applause.]

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty conferred on human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding south, misguided, perhaps, and beautiful in her suffering and honest, brave, generous always. [Applause.] In the record of her social, industrial and political restoration, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward its solution? Let the record speak to this point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the south, none of fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when President Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail [applause]; while those of our statesmen who made slavery the corner-stone of the confederacy doomed us to defeat, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the light of advancing civilization. [Renewed applause.] Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. [Laughter.] The relations of the southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges; and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. [Applause.] Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the south with the north protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions

to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the south holds her reason and integrity. [Applause.]

## THE SOUTH HAS KEPT FAITH WITH THE NORTH.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met Gen. Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the south became, and has been since, loyal to this union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The south found her jewels in a toad's head. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. [Applause.] Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the south, the south was a slave to the system. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. [Applause.]

The old south rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new south presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex age.

## A PEOPLE EMANCIPATED BY DEFEAT.

The new south is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling, sir, with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the extended horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. [Applause.] This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. I should be unjust to the south if I did not make this plain in this presence. The south has nothing to take back—nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its eternal hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man, who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the battle in His almighty hand and that the American union was saved from the wreck of war. [Loud Applause.]

## His Uncle Was Right.

"I had a hard enough struggle in my early life," said Chief Justice Chase to his private secretary on one occasion. "When I first came to Washington to push my fortune, I asked an uncle, who was a Senator, to obtain for me a clerkship in one of the departments. He told me he would rather give me a dollar to buy a spade with which to work my way in the world. I thought my uncle was unkind, but I have long since known that he acted wisely in not getting me an office, and I attribute all my good fortune in life to that refusal. Had I secured a clerkship at that time, I should probably have remained a clerk all my life, and, instead of now being the Chief Justice of the United States, be the Chief Clerk of a department."

Salmon P. Chase worthily won all the high honor that he gained. For years after removing to Washington he went through the daily drudgery of teaching a boys' school, studying law during his spare hours under William Wirt, the father of one of his pupils.

This is another testimony in favor of work.

A Terrible Surgical Operation  
A FATAL MISTAKE

The Cleveland (Ohio) Press, of February 23d, 1883, published an account of a fatal surgical operation which caused a great commotion among medical men throughout the whole country. Dr. Thayer, the most eminent surgeon in Cleveland, pronouncing it scandalous. It appears that a Mrs. King had been suffering for many years from some disease of the stomach, which had resisted the treatment of all the physicians in attendance. The disease commenced with a slight derangement of the digestion, with a poor appetite, followed by a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation, a sticky slime collecting about the teeth, causing a disagreeable taste. This sensation was not removed by food, but, on the contrary, it was increased. After a while the hands and feet became cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. There was a constant tired and languid feeling. Then followed a dreadful nervousness, with gloomy forebodings. Finally the patient was unable to retain any food whatever, and there was constant pain in the abdomen. All prescribed remedies failing to give relief, a consultation was held, when it was decided that the patient had a cancer in the stomach, and in order to save the patient's life an operation was justified. Accordingly, on the 22d of February, 1883, the operation was performed by Dr. Vance in the presence of Dr. Tuckerman, Dr. Perrier, Dr. Arms, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Capner, and Dr. Halliwell of the Police Board. The operation consisted in laying open the cavity of the abdomen and exposing the stomach and bowels. When this had been done an examination of the organs was made, but to the horror and dismay of the doctors there was no cancer to be found. The patient did not have a cancer. When too late the medical men discovered that they had made a terrible mistake; but they sewed the parts together and dressed the wound that they had made, but the poor woman sank from exhaustion and died in a few hours. How sad it must be for the husband of this poor woman to know that his wife died from the effects of a surgical operation that ought never to have been performed. If this woman had taken the proper remedy for Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration (for this was what the disease really was), she would have been living to-day. SHAKER EXTRACT OF ROOTS, or SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP, a remedy made expressly for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, has restored many such cases to perfect health after all other kinds of treatment have failed. The evidence of its efficacy in curing this class of cases is too voluminous to be published here; but those who read the published evidence in favor of this dyspeptic remedy do not question its convincing nature, and the article has an extensive sale.

Mme. Nilsson's reported marriage to Count Miranda is off, if the New York Town Topics is correctly informed. It seems the prima donna preferred to remain first lady to playing second violin to an adventurer, though he had a charming daughter. At the same time, as she is not averse to a little gamble now and then, she thinks it better to pay for her own chips than to provide them for her partner, who, if it is well known in Paris, has mixed much with the kings and queens of Baccarat.

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